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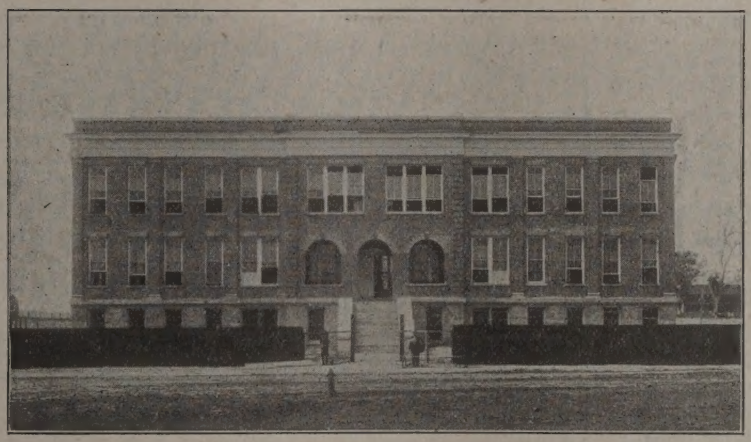
UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion



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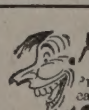

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UNITY

" HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXIX. THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1912. NUMBER 9.

The Seekers

One asked a sign from God; and day by day
The sun arose in pearl, in scarlet set,
Each night the stars appeared in bright array,
Each morn the thirsting grass with dew was wet,
The corn failed not its harvest, nor the vine,
And yet he saw no sign.

One longed to hear a prophet; and he strayed
Through crowded streets, and by the open sea
He saw men send their ships for distant trade,
And build for generations yet to be.
He saw the farmer sow his acres wide,
But went unsatisfied.

One prayed a sight of heaven; and erewhile
He saw a workman at his noontime rest.
He saw one dare for honor, and the smile
Of one who held a babe upon her breast;
At dusk two lovers walking hand in hand.
But did not understand.

From the American Magazine for May.

"New Thought Magazines" in the United States have become so common that they cease to be sensational, so now we have the *"Newest* Thought Magazine," and we find that it is devoted to such fresh topics as horoscopes, astrology, zodiacal science, which tells us that those who were born between April 21 and May 20, when the sun is in the sign of Taurus, will be full of inspiration and clear foresight, noted for accuracy and persistency. This *newest* thought sounds pretty old to us.

Bulletin No. 16 for April 20, 1912 issued by the Chicago School for Sanitary Instruction, under the Department of Health, gives timely suggestions and warnings concerning picnics and picnic grounds. It calls attention particularly to the latest sanitary crusade that is being marshalled, a crusade against the fly; one pair of which starting in May has a possibility of descent in September that requires twenty-four ciphers to the right of the figure 1 to present. Each one of these flies is capable of carrying many death dealing bacteria on its dirty feet and body. Send for a supply of these bulletins and you will get them free of cost and join the noble army that is to fight flies this summer.

The "Bosses," particularly those of the Republican Ring, were diligent in Chicago in retaining the support of the colored citizens by urging the argument that only through the generosity of "central committees" and "caucuses" and "convention delegates" could the colored people hope to secure any places on the Republican tickets. The recent preferential vote in the city of Chicago, which created such havoc with the Lorimer-Len Small combinations, and which have long held their dominance over certain sections of colored voters, proved that the people, here as elsewhere, can be trusted. In the First Representative District there were six candidates for the Illinois Legislature, four colored and two white, two to be nominated. The successful nominees were, one white and one colored man. In the Third Representative District there were six candidates, two to be nominated. Of the candidates five were white and one black. The black man received more votes than any other one candidate but one of the successful electors. One other candidate, the colored man, who represented the "Lorimer League," that impudently takes the name of "Lincoln League," was defeated, as he deserved. This shows that the people can be increasingly trusted.

It will be an evil day for all parties concerned when political agitators force an alignment along property lines, when the benker, manufacturer and men of large incomes are arrayed on one side and the toilers and the men of small income are found on the other side. There can be no doubt of what the decision will be at the polls. Neither can there be any doubt but what issues thus forced will not represent a concensus of the highest judgment, the noblest impulses and convictions of the people, for property lines never run parallel with good sense and high morals.

The American Unitarian Association in its Department of Social and Public Service, has a committee on Housing Reform, the chairman of which, Bernard J. Newman, has sent out a circular letter to the various churches asking for information on this most important subject. It seeks to find the number of committees working for housing reform there are in our American communities. Whether such committees are in personal touch with the pastors of the churches It seeks to collect data concerning housing conditions. It asks what interest local papers are taking in this problem. It also asks the preachers if, once before summer vacation, they are willing to preach on "Environment Influences and Their Effect upon Character and Health," placing emphasis upon the location of

bad dwelling sanitation. It further asks the ministers to see local editors, if they will give space to such discussions and whether they will arrange for the presentation of these subjects before men's clubs, women's alliances, etc., etc. The committee announces that they have "drawn a tentative program" for club study and discussion which will be sent on application. All this is admirable. Their quest is jutifiable in the words of the letter as follows:

"We have accepted because we recognize housing conditions as fundamental factors in almost every serious social and economic problem; either these problems originate in bad housing and insanitation or they are intensified by them; whatever the relationship, it is intimate. Housing reform is not an unattainable goal, but rather within the grasp of every enlightened community, depending mainly upon sanitary and structural standards, public opinion, law and law enforcement. But when neglected its consequences can be seen not only in the physical discomforts of the poor, but in their ill health, immorality, crime, low citizenship and a dearth of spirituality, all those negative traits and conditions that cannot be quarantined to any one locality once they have taken root, but reach out by their various ramifications to the community and to the State.

In another note we call attention to the work of the Committee on "Housing Reform" of the American Unitarian Association with which we have great sympathy and commend the activity to other denominations and churches. The theoretic period of this agitation is well night passed. The architects now know full well "how to do it." The problem cannot be carried much farther toward solution except by doing the thing. Capitalists are necessarily jealous of their percentage. They have found alas! that poor tenements yield good profits and that the most wretched of shacks rent readily and that the rent is easily collectible, because eviction is a prompt and sure collector from the poor. The sanitary tenement, the new building canons cannot be realized to any great extent without an infusion of altruism into the purses of the rich. Let them begin to build right for the love of humanity and soon they will find that here as elsewhere righteousness is an investment that guarantees a living to those who pursue it.

During the Senior Editor's absence in March, his colleague, Professor Henderson, administered to him a gentle castigation over some careless words he wrote concerning Vocational Training, on the eve of his departure. The culprit has been waiting for a favorable opportunity to say that he gratefully bends his back to receive the lash. Professor Henderson is certainly right to our thinking. There is a mighty gospel in the proper training of the hand and eye, in adjusting the physical mechanism to spiritual efficiency, but we think the Senior Editor was also right in what he meant to say,—that there is great danger that in the training of the hand, the inspiring of the mind with the intangible wealth that comes through song, poetry, history, romance, literature and biography be too much neglected. It ill becomes the right hand to quarrel with the left hand as to which should receive primary honors. The fact that most men are right-handed is no reflection upon the skill or efficiency of the left-handed man, but all educators agree that the highest control of the body is for him who is ambi-dextrous. He is only half a chopper who can use but one hand at the front of the helve. A good chopper can swing his ax with the right hand and with the left with equal facility, and he doubles the power of his endurance. We take great pleasure in printing this week in connection with "A Sermon From the South," some illustrations of the work done in the Charleston Colored Industrial School, and ask our readers to give special attention to that part of the sermon which describes this school, the most striking feature of which is that it carries vocational training in the most perfected form available, into the life of the child, while he is still of the school age. At a time when the energies are most superabundant, when his time is least valuable, so that by the time the boy and girl must leave school, which, in the case of the majority of white as well as black children, is before the high school age begins, his tastes are ready developed and his aptitude more or less definitely discovered. Is it not true that in these latter years the high school and the university have received more attention at the hands of educators, and a larger percentage perhaps of money, than have grammar and rural schools of the country? Not that former have received too much but that the latter have been too much neglected. The country schools and the lower grades in city schools represent the undeveloped resources of the nation today. The splendid work being done at Charleston for the colored boys and girls should be duplicated in all the cities, towns, villages and country sides of the North. Much northern money has been sent South to educate the negro, none too much. Northern capitalists owe a large debt in this direction. We wish we might divert some of this money to help along the school at Charleston, for it would not only help the colored children as it will elsewhere, but it would encourage the white citizens who hold the destiny of the south in their hands, to persevere in well doing. Charleston is necessarily a city of limited means and of many demands, like all cities of the South. This school needs a new gymnasium building and Colonel Simmons is distressed because no funds are in sight. Where is the northern man or woman who will send the five thousand dollars necessary to put this most necessary addition on to the campus that is already in many respects a model and an inspiration.

The Freedom of the Pulpit

The dictation of the pews is ever an annoyance and often a menace to the intellectual and spiritual life of him who makes it his business to study, interpret and enforce the behests of morals and religion to an organized society. In the elder days this dictation meant expulsion, punishment, death by the faggot or otherwise, as the case of Savonarola, Latimer, Ridley and the martyr hosts witness. Later it meant simply the unfrocking of the priest, the reducing to the ranks of the laymen, or expelling from denominational lines. Generally throughout the history of the Christian Church the lines have been surveyed by dogmatic tests in theology, heretical views of the trinity, inspiration, miracle or biblical interpretaton, have promptly called for the edicts from the deacons' corner, from laymen committees, from neighboring ministers, and ecclesiastical councils which say, "thus far and no farther shalt thou go." But ethics as well as theology has had its martyrs and the pews have been as sensitive to radicalism in morals as in theology. John Pierpont was driven from his Boston pulpit because he would preach total abstinence and denounce the liquor traffic, and the time is not far back when an active prohibitionist in the pulpit was suspected of being a crank and belonging to the wild-eyed and long-haired type of "reformers" which were to be suspected if not suppressed. The abolitionists were those who believed that slavery was wrong and, acting upon their belief, took active part in the agitation looking towards the emancipation of the bondsmen, the freedom of all men, and there are those now living who remember how the laity would not "stand for such preaching" in the church and on Sunday, and many were the ministers who had to step down and walk out of the church although they were among the most intelligent and progressive people in the United States.

Now "Socialism" is the red flag which arouses the suspicion of the respectable laity and ever provokes interference from the pews. The Editor of UNITY, as its readers well know, is suspicious of labels and catchwords and he declines to use the word "Socialism," like other growing terms in ethics and philosophy, without a definition. It is hard to draw the line between a movement and an *ism,* between the open-minded and responsive attitude of a student and the fixed conviction and clinched fist of a reformer and agitator. But on this account we would not be unmindful of what to us is the obvious truth, that "Socialism," whether as a term in sociology, a movement in religion, a theory of economics, or as a party cry in politics, is a term that has come to stay, the content of which must be beaten out to the clear, in the class-room, on the stump, in legislative halls, at the prayer-meeting and in the pulpit. It is a term we have got to get used to. Deacons, capitalists, bishops, prelates and "respectable citizens" must get over being scared at it. It cannot be tabooed, it must be recognized as a term of tremendous import, as a movement of thought or, still better, as a growth in ethics, that represents a gulf stream flowing towards democracy. It is a Gospel that has ever been flowing out of the hearts of the the saints and sages of history. It is the message of Jesus, the call of Buddha, the reform ofMohammed and the power of Sokrates, taking on more definite dimensions and asking for a social expression. This unmistakable but undefinable stream of tendencies bears upon its bosom the names most potent in modern thought and literature, Tolstoy, Ruskin, William Morris, Jane Addams and all workers and teachers who seek to ameliorate the conditions of the toiler and to soften the hearts, lessen the greed and mellow the administration of the manipulators of the same, are related in some loose but real way to this movement, and the preacher who does not claim a freedom to discuss these subjects from the high ground of morals and religion is to be distrusted, and the minister to whom this freedom is denied is to be pitied.

And again "socialism," in its narrower sense, as a party label, as a political movement, enlisting partisan zeal and enthusiasm, has a right to take its place alongside of the other party cries in the political life of the United States at the present time,—"Republican," "Democrat," "Prohibition." Obviously the pulpit especially dedicated to the discussion and enforcement of the universalities of morals and religion cannot be converted into a political stump without violence to its power and the rights of those who maintain it. It is bad taste if not bad morals to carry the personalities and partisanship of current politics into the pulpit on Sunday, but that the minister in his private capacity as a citizen has not only a right but a duty to perform at the polls, on the street, and when his convictions demand it, on the platform and at the political hustings, goes without the saying. In this direction the socialist minister should have as much right and command as much respect as the republican, the democrat or the prohibition minister.

If we mistake not, there are heartaches and headaches in store for laity and clergy in this direction. Some letters at hand from a young minister are typical. This young man who has been found distributing socialist literature among his friends, perhaps taking part in a socialist organization "down town," has been requested to desist from further activities in this direction, and when he preached "only one sermon" on social inequalities since last September, entitled: "The Cost of Civilization," a sermon that

commanded the approval of the man of science in his audience, yet was rebuked by capitalists in the pews for "departing from the profession of a minister of the gospel." He was told that "they did not come to church to hear statistics," indeed, brought pressure to bear that necessitated, as he thought, his resignation notwithstanding the fact that his people "liked him and his work, wanted him to stay, only that he must forsake socialism while in their employ."

This young man may be impatient, sensitive, which is ever an inferential sign of a prophet. Doubtless this young man is in danger of not respecting the freedom of the pews as well as of the pulpit, and criticism that stings, born out of sincere convictions and from the accumulated sanctities, inherited traditions and acquired habitudes, have a right to emanate from the pews as well as the pulpit. The layman has a right to his opinion as the minister has, and the struggle in this parish is the struggle more or less imminent in all the parishes of America today, a struggle to be just to one another on the part of preacher and laymen in regard to this rising and altogether welcome movement that is more adequately represented perhaps by the word "socialism" than any other one word. As a term of thought, of sympathy, of morals and religion, it has already won out in the minds and hearts of the noblest. It is but another way of spelling brotherhood, democracy and the Fatherhood of God. As a term of politics it must be tried as by fire, heated in the hot furnace of discussion and beaten into shape at the polls. What the fate of "socialism" as a political party is to be, no one can tell. But it has a right to a place in the struggle, to the respect of men who believe in a democratic form of government and who hold to the sanctity of the ballot. Ministers and laymen must learn to respect each other in this struggle. Let the young pastor endure more heroically the criticism of the capitalistic pew owner. Let the capitalist give the young man "more rope." Let no one say "nay" to a high mind or an earnest conscience and the one will speak and the other listen with more grace and, on that account with more power.

I AM THAT I AM

I am not 'fraid
To have my being shifted to other channel.
Life has more ways than one small sunlit dot;
And life is life,—he made it,
It is he, as me. Together I return to him
Athwart my wanderings, as he to me
Athwart his patient rest. Without him
I should be at loss with my small spark
A-flashing in the void of worlds to be,
And he—he would be lone, without my soul
Refitted in its placings,
So finishing his plan and purpose without end.

HARRIET LAKE-BURCH.

Unity Manse, Humboldt, Iowa.

THE PULPIT

A Sermon From the South.

BEING AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES AT QUINN CHAPEL, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, UNDER THE JOINT AUSPICES OF THE FREDERICK DOUGLASS CENTER AND THE FIRST AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH, ON SUNDAY EVENING, APRIL 14, 1912.

Stenographically reported by Mrs. A. L. Kelly.

PASTOR W. D. COOK PRESIDING.

Dear Friends: As your pastor has intimated, I am back again from my annual "March escape," as I call it; from the Chicago blizzard, and perhaps from the weariness of continuous work.

I come to you, as I came to some of you a year ago, with the result of my month's study and observation of problems near to your heart and mine in that sunny land from which most of you derive your life, more or less directly. I traveled chiefly over the same territory as a year ago.

Tonight I bring you a message of cheer, a word of renewed confidence. Things are growing better for the colored race down there. Tonight, as ever, I like best to emphasize the encouragements of the day, rather than the discouragements of the hour. Things are moving in this world of God; humanity is pressing forward in spite of race prejudice, color hatred or geographical boundaries.

The Lynching Atrocity.

My itinerary began at Jacksonville, Florida, at a moment of anxious excitement to the citizens of that new city, both white and black. An atrocious murder had been committed; an innocent, hard-working, obscure Jew grocer had been brutally killed in his own store at dead of night, and the wife and two children who came to his rescue scarcely escaped. The perpetrators of this atrocity were promptly arrested, and they proved subsequently to be a band of roving out-laws, consisting of three or four colored people, tramps, if not refugees from justice. They were promptly confined in the jail, but Jacksonville, for the first time in its history, I believe, was threatened with the disgracing outrage that too often follows such excitements. So, in the quiet of the night, through the promptness of the sheriff and the wisdom of the judge, the prisoners were whisked out of the city and confined in the jail of an adjoining county that they might have the benefit of a legal trial, and Jacksonville breathed more freely.

This is one of the largest cities of the New South. The colored people greatly out number the white and all the citizens rejoiced that they were saved this disgrace; all praise was accorded to the officials for their prompt action and the overwhelming sentiment of the colored people was in favor of prompt trial and prompt punishment. They left nothing undone that could be done to help discover the real perpetrators. But the more patriotic of the citizens insisted that Jacksonville would have been able to stem the tide of violence and would not have permitted an outrage upon law and common sense; that the police force and other members of its own community would have been adequate to enforce the requirements of civilization in such a case.

Be that as it may, I bring to you as from that city a message that I believe can be emphasized everywhere in the South, that there is rapidly growing a sentiment that will put an end to the outrages that have been the scandal of the United States, the terror of the colored people and the disgrace of the white population. The time is not far distant when lynching and the outrages that belong thereto will be a thing of history, and law will be enforced by the representatives of law, in every section of the country and for the benefit of all the people.

The Grewsome Facts.

Be that as it may, let me frankly confess in this presence that I am not unmindful of the grewsome facts related to race problems South and North. I hope that I am not open to the suspicion which some of you entertain, that I am a victim of my own hopefulness, that I represent a temperamental optimism, that I am incompetent to understand the dark side of things. I deny the insinuation. For over a quarter of a century I have traveled through the Southland with my eyes and ears open. I know how the inheritance, not only of slavery, but of rebellion and of a horrible war, is distorting the judgment and debilitating the spirit of the survivors of the awful ordeal.

I meet fictions, born out of pain and passion in the South on every hand. I am told that the colored people were brought into the United States primarily through northern energy, and as the result of northern cupidity; that it was not until the slave became unprofitable in the north that slavery was abolished. I am told that the Southern states were ready to emancipate their own slaves and would have achieved it on their own hook had it not been that they had been maddened by unjust accusations, by the vehement violence of the rabid abolitionists of the North, and, consequently, the Abolitionists of the North, are responsible for the prolongation of slavery, and the horrible rebellion. Of course the mass of the people of the South still believe that the war was not brought on in the interests of their "peculiar institution," but in the interest of what they deemed their constitutional right; it was a people standing for their liberty, it was state independence, asserting itself against the encroachments of the nation. Now, the North, as well as the South, know that the majority of the men in the ranks, after the war was once on, marched North to battle under Lee and Jackson for the purpose of defending their homes. They were then unable and their children are still largely unable to see that their anxiety for state rights was precipitated upon them on account of their deeper anxiety for their peculiar institution. It was slavery and the issues connected therewith that forced the "states rights" issue to the front. Had it not been for this, the people south of the Ohio, before the war, as now after the war, would have felt the power of the nation, the commanding interest and the appeal of the flag.

I am also told by otherwise intelligent men and women that we of the North never knew the burdens of the war because, forsooth, we had such a large foreign population that we could hire them to do our fighting for us, while they had to do their fighting for themselves. One of the standard text books used to teach history in the public schools bearing a northern imprint, contains this paragraph:

> "The North drew its armies from a large population and secured besides, through its abundant wealth, many foreigners to serve as soldiers. To many in the North the war was only something to read about in the newspapers."

An intelligent young lady declared, "I know this to be a fact, because Colonel ——— of the ——— Regiment, said that after the battle of Gettysburg, where he was taken prisoner, he found many full regiments of men who were unable to speak a word of English, and who had no idea what the trouble was all about; they had been hired to do the fighting."

I have been in many of the public schools, and I find hanging on their walls only the pictures of Washington and of Robert E. Lee. Never a picture of Lincoln, who is still under ban. Their history text books have been written expressly from the standpoint of their prejudices and published for them by northern publishers. In these histories we generally find that the Yankees "retreated," while the Condeferates only "retired;" the northern army was often "whipped"; the southern army occasionally "withdrew." One of these books entitled, "Beginners' History of the United States," intended for the grammar grades, with the sub-title "Stories of the Men Who Made Our Country," gives equal space to Jefferson Davis and to Abraham Lincoln, and among the men who won the independence of the American Colonies as set forth in the table of contents, Samuel Adams and Benjamin Franklin seem to be the only men born in New England. Among the men of the Federal Union, Washington, Jackson, Sam Houston, Calhoun, Clay and Webster, were the great law makers. The story of the "Confederate War" seemed to be adequately set forth by the stories of Stonewall Jackson, Jeb Stewart, Wade Hampton and the nefarious Forest.

In one of the white grammar grades, thirty-five or forty boys in a set exercise, told well and glibly the story of the nation, its rise, its growth in prosperity and its extension of territory. They told of the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, the Spanish War and the acquisition of the Philippines and Porto Rico, but never a word about the awful trouble from 1861 to 1865. Then this kindly, intelligent and public-spirited teacher, perhaps catching her clew from the button in my coat, said, "Now, boys, show the gentleman how you can recite together."

"Forth from its scabbard flashed the sword of Robert Lee."

And it was waved in my face most effectively. Perhaps the teacher was a little surprised that I enjoyed the exercises and commended the boys and praised the poem, which is a favorite of mine. I did not say that I hoped that some day the boys in the public schools of the South would be able to deliver with the same spirit and with as much historic truthfulness, the Gettysburg Address of Abraham Lincoln.

The Farming Squad.

Of course I deplore this bias which amounts to a perversion of history. Their field of poetry is painfully limited. Timrod and Haynes and Father Ryan and Sydney Lanier, kindling as they are, ought not to deprive the children of the South of the inspiration and culture found in the lyric lines of Longfellow and Whittier, the sturdy words of Emerson, the kindling eloquence of Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips and those nation-makers north of the Ohio of whom history will take permanent note.

All this I saw and confess with grief, though not with despondency. It was painful to discover that two of the greatest cities on the southern coast still deny themselves the luxury and inspiration of a public library sustained by public funds, because, as one of the directors of a famous old subscription library confessed, "We want nothing to do with 'public libraries.' If we build a public library, we will have the negro problem upon us. These niggers would want books." I said, "In heaven's name, why not let them have books? Books are cheap; the reading of good books will not hurt them. Why not put in a floor for them?"

But my friend, who is a patriot to-day, who rejoices in the American flag, accepts as he thinks, the logic of the war, looked with compassion upon me as one unable to understand the situation, as he says, "Ah, but, if you begin to let them read the same books as you do, the next thing you know they will be marrying your daughters." The old, old knockout argument which will not down, but to which Lincoln gave the quietus way back in 1858, when he said, "Because I do not want to deprive a colored woman of her rights it doesn't follow that I would want to marry her."

Speaking as a white man for white men, I say to you it is not unnatural, but inevitable that the children of slaveholders, who have passed through the awful experiences of blood and violence which are always the attendants of war, and who still live in and are trying to develop a civilization on the fiery trail of Sherman—I have just been over that trail—should have a feverish and disturbed view on these matters. I do not wonder that there is bitterness and something worse still lurking in the blood. All this I saw and report that you may know that I am no sentimentalist when I go South.

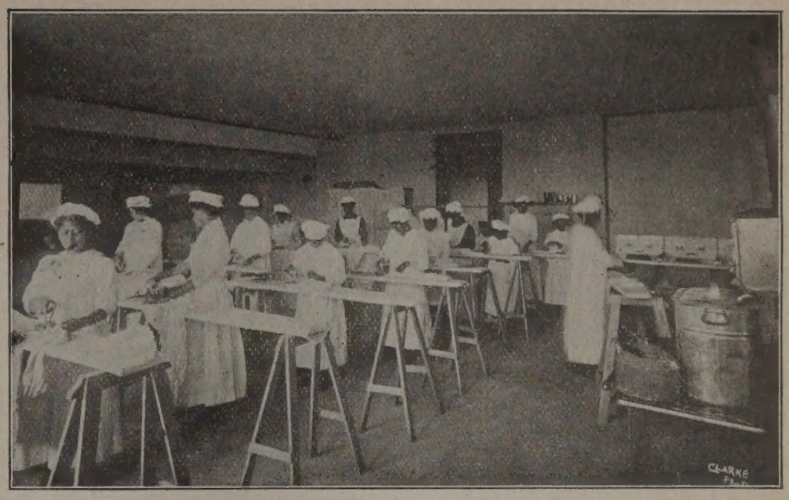
I even went far enough to read the last atrocity of Thomas Dion, his book entitled "The Sins of the Fathers." I noticed how this venom had overreached itself. In this book he revels in a psychology and a sociology that is absolutely degrading to the white man and impossible to the black man. In this book he has insulted the mothers and wives he would glorify, by asking them to recognize a standard of morality for the sons and husbands that is despicable. Here they condone the degrading acts on part of husband and sons for the mere fact of the proximity of the temptation.s It is the morality of the brute that is here accepted by the gentle women of the South according to this Knight Errant of the white ladies. It is as bad as it can be. He confesses that the mere geographical nearness, the physical contiguity of the inferior race necessarily works the degradation of white men, and his remedy is the impossible one of absolute removal from all possible contact with the white race of all those who have the slightest trace of African blood in their veins. He confesses that it was to this end that the franchise laws have been outraged and butchered. Thomas Dixon represents a brutal philosophy that outdoes the ranting of Tillman and Vardaman. It is amazing that a publishing house with such a fair reputation as the Appletons, publishers of the works of Herbert Spencer, Darwin, Huxley and their kind, should put their imprint upon so debauching and on that account unscientific and irrational a book. It is not the race, but the degrading theory of inferiority that debauches the white man and outrages the black woman.

Now, will you believe me if I begin to give you the other side? Are you relieved of your anxiety lest I come here to whitewash the South once more?

At Savannah it was my privilege to address a Sunday evening congregation in the colored Congregational Church of that city. With all due respect to this audience and many other audiences of colored people it has been my privilege to address in Chicago and elsewhere during the last thirty years, I believe, that all things considered, that large audience which crowded every corner of the comely church, represented more intelligence, self-respecting responsibility and self-directing industry than any audience I have ever addressed. I noticed that my audience was sprinkled with white people. I was pleased to see that the black people exercised a hospitality that made them feel at home there. To that people I was declaring as best I could what I deemed the fundamental accents of the Gospel, the accents of democracy, the Gospel of the multitude as well as for the multitude.

I went from Savannah to Charlestown, the proud home of southern conservatism, where one would expect to find the center of race prejudice. Here was the cradle of the Rebellion. In this city, South Carolina withdrew from the Union four months before Abraham Lincoln took the inaugural oath.

From this city was fired the first shot at the American flag. There are those there who still bemoan the invasion of its one skyscraping building, because it mars the beautiful skyline that heretofore was pierced only by the graceful spires of its beautiful churches, and still in the city of Charlestown, the home of the proud southern aristocrats I found, to me, a new thing in public education, not only a strange and startling thing in the administration of the public schools for blacks in the South, but a demonstration of a new method of universal application. I came back with a new thought concerning the public schools of America. I have found a new hobby which I am about to mount and I am going to ride it for all it is worth in and for Chicago and elsewhere.



The Laundry Room.

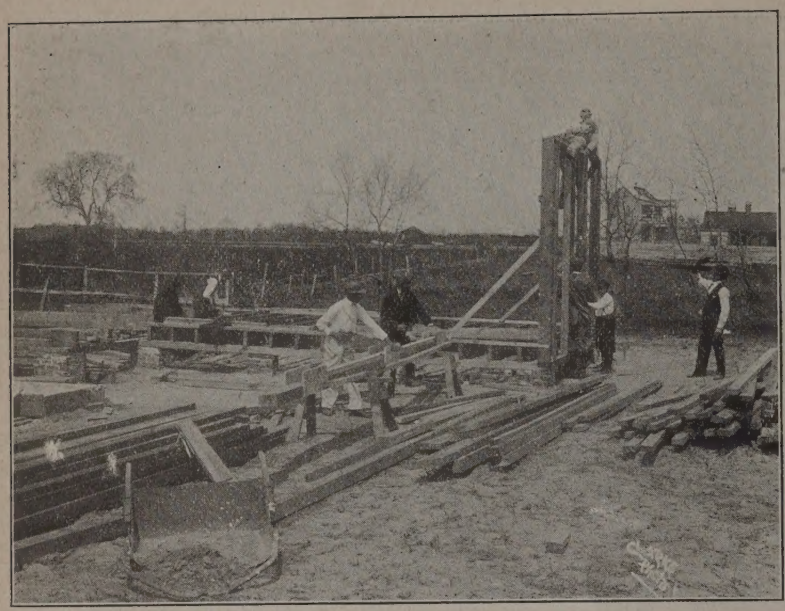
My first surprise was to find that Charlestown—and I think it is peculiar among all the cities of the South—sustains white teachers in its colored public schools, paid by public money, administered by the board of education, and, in the main, these white teachers are native teachers who enjoy their work and show a high degree of competency. I spent one delightful forenoon in visiting a school building containing twelve hundred or more children representing the first five grades. The superintendent, indeed, was a Connecticut Yankee, with all the public school enthusiasm of the Yankee, but his assistants, with one exception, were all women, and I believe, raised and developed in the public school service of the South. I asked if these ladies, who had these children under marvelous discipline and splendid efficiency, were ostracised from white society in Charlestown." "On the contrary," said the principal, "their work is looked upon with pride and they are frequently transferred to the white schools where they encounter greater difficulties. My teachers visit neighboring schools and come back glowing with patriotism over their own charges." As well they might, for the children showed splendid training, accurate, prompt, methodical, responsive. And how they did sing. They sang like birds, only a good deal better. I never will forget the joy and delight of that bunch of black children—an hundred or more of them—singing "The Mocking Bird," the boys whistling the accompaniment. After a while the boys got so enthusiastic, that, like the birds, they mimicked, they monopolized all the time. They went on whistling in a manner to shame the birds, and the mocking birds of Charlestown must either take lessons of these boys, or shut up. The boys are beating them at their own game.

It was a memorable morning and here I want to recur to my social philosophy of shoestrings which I have been expounding before some of you for many years. I hold that the rise of the black man in the South is eloquently and effectively demonstrated by the way he laces his shoes. The time was, in my earlier "escapes" when the colored idlers around the depots of the South came raggedly dressed with wretched shoes, unlaced, or crookedly laced. Year by year I have noticed an improvement in their footwear; their shoes now in the main are being properly laced. This proves that they are getting themselves in hand, they are becoming more self-directing, self-efficient, self-respecting. By this same token, these pickaninnies in the Charlestown school, indicated great advancement, because they were trim and tidy, cleanly and oftentimes prettily dressed.

Manual Training to the Front.

But this work stopped with the fifth grade. I asked, "Where are the rest of them? What of the sixth, seventh and eighth grades?" And the Yankee principal said, "You must not fail to ask Colonel Simons, the head of the board of education, to show you them," and so the next day this colonel, who had led a Confederate regiment in the army of Robert E. Lee, the son of a slaveholder, one who has been speaker of the lower house in the South Carolina legislature for many years, but head of the educational board for more years, I suspect—took me in charge. He is a man who shares in the main the theories and philosophies of his neighbors, but he has put so much of his life into this educational work that he has become a convert to his own theories, an enthusiast in the shaping of the lives which he has so effectively led. He took me through the Charlestown Colored Industrial School, a modern building, with an up-to-date, fairly complete equipment, such as is found in the manual training high schools of Chicago, and with what the Chicago schools cannot have, an ample campus of three or four acres, and this equipment was for the sixth, seventh and eighth grade children, and herein lies the new method.

Here in Chicago we offer such training to the boys and girls who have passed the grammar grades, but this is too late for perhaps ninety per cent of our children; the time has gone by when they can be tried out at the tables and benches. Until the high school age, the best that we can do for most of our boys and girls of the grammar grades is a touch-and-go, a lick-and-a-promise, a few hours in the week, not a few hours in the day to domestic science and technical training. Here I found the boys and girls from ten to fifteen (the sixth to the eighth grades) doing the real thing and in the real way. Not puttering at the thing, but doing it,



Boys Building a Home.

mending their own shoes and washing their own clothes; not playing at cooking, but cooking; running a penny lunch counter; giving wholesome lunches to pupils and teachers; not playing at carpentering, but carpentering. I found a batch of boys—not young men—out on the campus actually putting up a lodge for the janitor according to architect's plans. The neat brick foundation had already been laid by the boys; now they were putting in place the frame, sawing with cross-cut saws the two by eights for sleepers and putting them into position. This modern house was going up by the hands of these boys who were building it according to plans without the help of a single man, white or black, except the superintendence of the teacher. I found other boys, casing iron pillars in the hall of the building, fitting, polishing, sandpapering and staining the same. I found the campus enclosed with a good board fence which these little boys had put up and painted. All this was under the direction of a teacher who was a college graduate, who had taken his technical training in a northern institution and would be eligible to the principalship of a manual training high school in any northern city. I found here a Charlestown girl, daughter of another "Colonel," I dare say, whom the city of Charlestown had sent North to take a course in the Cornell University that would fit her to become a teacher of agriculture to these favored boys and girls—sixth, seventh and eighth grades, again. This woman farmer teacher had her squad of twenty-five or more boys and girls out in the capacious garden planting beans, not for show, not a little patch for play, but beans to eat, to make soup out of.

While we were talking a little colored messenger, in dainty white apron arrived, and informed the colonel that the Domestic Science Department would be glad to serve us a lunch when we were ready, and we were ready very soon, and this was daintily served us from the penny counters, managed by the Cooking Department. All the work was done by these girls and boys, a luncheon such as the several hundred children can buy, tea, coffee, chocolate, a plate of soup, roast beef, beans, etc., for from one to five cents a dish. It was the real thing; they were doing real business. I saw there, more clearly than before, one solution of this vexed problem of technical training in vocational schools which is now agitating the best people in Chicago. We must begin lower down.

How ill devised is our educational system that waits until most boys and girls have outgrown their school years before we offer them a fully equipped chance of finding out what they are good for. We have in Chicago good manual training privileges in our high schools. But these privileges come to our children too late for the most part. Let them while children begin their dressmaking, their cooking, their bench work, and they will never know when they become expert with the saw, with the cobblers' awl, the needle and the rolling pin. If, in order to do this they must need exchange their percentages, their" vulgar" fractions—that is what they used to call them when I went to school and I still think the name appropriate—should they ever need this knowledge they will come to it easily when the need comes. We murder the brains of our grammar school children oftentimes in struggling with problems that will cease to be problems if we let them alone until they meet them and need to use them.

I believe that Charlestown is making a real contribution to the pedagogical perplexity of our day as important to the white as to the black children of America. I did not see much of the book work carried on here but I know it was going on with enthusiasm. Song, history and literature kept on apace.

A Message to the Colored People.

But I would bring a special word to you, my colored fellow citizens.

Col. Simons assured me that Charlestown has never known a lynching of a race riot. "We take the electricity out of the cloud before the storm breaks," he said. "These children are trained in our schools to the amenities and courtesies of life," This principle is good everywhere. Charlestown has a larger number of colored people than white people. Savannah, the proud city of Georgia, has still a larger colored majority, and I tell you again, the colored people in these cities have an opportunity to realize the fullness of their lives more effectively than the same number of colored people in any city of the North and very much more successfully than great multitudes of the unfortunate, poor white people of the South. These colored men are finding their destiny in the land of their fathers. Their privileges are growing so rapidly that my sympathy goes out to the less favored and far less promising strata of human life that used to be known as the "white trash." It is still a pathetic element in the South. My itinerary carried me to Columbus, Georgia, which boasts of

the greatest water power in the South, I believe. Here the Chattahoochee of Lanier's Song has been harnessed and tamed and made to turn the wheels of what is claimed to be the largest cotton mill in the world. It is a beautiful mountain country, with the rollicking, rippling stream that dances through Lanier's poem, harnessed to thousands of whirling spindles and flying shuttles. Here I found an immense aggregation of mill hands, ninety-five per cent of whom I was assured represent the native white people, they who have come down from their mountain passes, have left their little farms, their simple and primitive habits, where the air was at least pure and where life was free, if not strenuous. Now they inhabit these grewsome cabins, withdrawn from their mountain freedom, and their condition is pathetic. Most of them have become anaemic, their children are prematurely old, the old people wrinkled and leathery are snuff-takers, tobacco-users, whiskey-drinkers and debauched. They justify the remark of the intelligent friend who said to me, "To my mind these cotton mills are an unmitigated curse to the South; they warp the children, they bring premature death to the women; there is no outlook for these people."

If misery likes company, the colored people of the South who count their disadvantages, may be consoled with the thought that these white men, women and children are much worse off than they are; they have less property, less enterprise, less freedom, less opportunity.

A Good Book to Read.

I have spoken of the despicable book of Thomas Dixon, "The Sins of the Fathers." Here is a good place to set over against it, the last book I have read, this which I hold in my hand. It is entitled "The Heir of Slaves." It is the simple story of Prof. William Pickens. I hope you all know it. It is a book to stimulate your ambition to become real citizens. It will give you energy; it is a challenge to those who want an education. William Pickens was a son of South Carolina slaves, thriftless, shiftless, but honest, such as might be expected of those thrown into freedom unprepared. Finding the life in South Carolina hard and promising no privileges to the growing family of children, they were lured into Arkansas by false promises of better pay. There they found themselves victims of the credit system where all the summer's work was pre-empted to meet the store bills before the money came in. These manumitted slaves found themselves in an industrial slavery almost as abject, and in many cases, more tyrannical, physically speaking, than the old slavery before the war. But this lad had brains; they were first tickled and then kindled by the power to read; having got the inspiration of the schools, he worked his way, a way known to many a white boy who can match his story. It is simply the old, old story of Abraham Lincoln and the pine knot light in the fireplace, written in color.

Read how he split wood, drove cows, piled staves, rowed the ferry boat across the Arkansas river for beggarly wages; that he might win his way through the district schools of Arkansas. He tells the story of the mother, the representative colored mother of the South, to whom he gives such large credit for the advancement of the race. He tells us, and of course he is right, that none of us can understand how much the colored men of today is indebted to the ambition of the mothers who wanted their children to have school privileges that they had not had. It was another story of the little mother sacrificing for her children, A Nancy Hanks done in black. She scarcely saw her younger children by daylight, except in a few hours on Sunday, for she must needs go to her humble tasks before they were up and they were sleeping in bed when she returned. They were the tasks of the washerwoman, of the scrubwoman, and she died prematurely from overwork that little William and the other children might go to school.

After he graduated at the high school, he tells us how somebody told him of a college in Alabama that offered a chance for boys to work their way through. He wrote the president, and the reply came, "There is nothing now, but there is ground for hope." With that he went to work through another summer vacation with his shovel on the railroad, and at the end of that season he presented himself at Talladega with three ten-dollar bills, his whole capital upon which to go through colledge. He went to work; the promising youth was recognized, he was discovered and was finally carried North. He took a post graduate course at Yale. He carried off the honors in an oratorical contest with Harvard, and he is now a professor in his beloved Alma Mater, the Colored College at Talladega, Alabama. It is a short, a sweet, simple and inspiring story.

Read this story of William Pickens, then be ashamed of yourselves if you are going around the streets of Chicago whining and bemoaning the fact that your skin is black. There are plenty of poor customers, with white skins. There are plenty of victims of circumstances who are not black, plenty who have inherited handicaps other than the Africans.

Rejoice that you are alive; rejoice in your common humanity, rejoice that to you at least is given the glory, inspirations, prospects, and careers that are all ahead of you and not behind you. You have at least escaped the imbecility of certain people whom Artemas Ward compared to potatoes, because the best part of them is in the ground. Never mind your ancestry. Take a thought of your posterity, live for them. Yours are the high inspirations of the future; you have the incentives, the opportunities to triumph over difficulties; you have great trials to conquer, careers to make. Yours is the inspiration of the pioneer. Trees are to be felled; marshes are to be ditched, soil is to be turned and seed planted. Go to work! That is what you and I are here for.

The Restruction Period.

The colored people have been to a splendid school since the war; adversity in this school as in all good schools, is one of the best of teachers. I wait for somebody with judicial impartiality who will write the story of those dark days to the southerner and humiliating days to the northerner, represented in the lamentable years known as the "reconstruction period." I want somebody to tell me before I die

of at least one carpet-bagger who went down there with an honest purpose, and who wrought sincerely and disinterestedly for the good of white and black. As it is, I cannot make a case for the carpet-bagger myself, I don't know how it can be done.

I want somebody to show me also how, even with the unwisdom and the inexperience there were cases and instances when the colored people, then the mammy and uncle of the ancient regime, behaved nobly, when, thrown into political responsibilities without preparation and without warning, I won't believe that even the colored man always played the fool. They were not all of them rascals. I believe there is a case yet to be made, a statement yet to be written that will throw some beams of light across this dark and lurid period.

Problems of Suffrage. . . . .

Touching this matter of suffrage, let us confess frankly that much as we may believe in universal suffrage, there are responsibilities that go with the ballot, and he who does not feel the responsibility of the ballot, tested by civic interests and public spirit, not his own selfish ends, does not deserve the ballot and he is an intruder at the polls. The South is not alone guilty of the disfranchisement of the colored people. Every negro who follows the lead of a ward-heeler, every colored man who sells his vote to a political boss, every colored man who hurrahs for a demagogue, not only disfranchises himself, but piles up grievances and obstacles in the way of his children's voting. It is time we stopped scolding about others until we learn to behave ourselves.

I say the ballot carries responsibility. If you do not watch out, the colored men of South Carolina, educated in the public schools of Charlestown, and their heirs, will win public confidence and public position and public trust at the hands of the children of their old masters quicker than the colored loafers in Chicago who sell their votes. These colored vote sellers will never get there. I would rather be the colored man denied the privilege of voting by some subterfuge of a "grandfather clause" than to be the colored man in Chicago who makes his resident territory notorious by the way he and his fellows sell their votes to the highest bidder and do the shouting for men in public life that are despicable.

I did not come here to throw bouquets at the white men of the South, neither will I willingly throw bouquets at the black men in the North, until they win them, only to those who earn them.

I stand on my record, I have proven my readiness to stand in with you and for you, and when there are any stones to be thrown at the black men, I tell them "Throw them this way," but it is time to quit expecting less of them than we expect of their white neighbors when it comes to political integrity and ballot box honesty.

New Issues. . . . .

Friends, the air is thrilling with new issues, the life of the nation is being stirred as never since the war, with the greatest interests, methods and privileges. Where are you children of slaves on these question? It is time for you to pay back some of the debt you owe to the defenders of this Nation by helping this civic army who are sworn to fight tyranny and slavery of every kind, not with clumsy bayonets, wayward bullets, which strike the wrong man, but with the efficient ballots that surely promote right causes.

Perhaps this is a good place to stop. I have brought to you, uncommissioned, a message from the South. I tell you things are doing down there, I tell you also that the industrial and civic destiny of the South is largely in the hands of the black man, if not now, then fifty years from now. Some of them are beginning to realize it more and more, both white and colored. We here, brothers and fellows in the North, must stand in with them and for them, and demonstrate that the black man north of the Ohio River, as well as south, is worthy of the confidence of the white man, north and south, and he is willing and able to play his part with the white man in the growing future of this great Nation.

Good Reading

Very few of our Nature writers have the culture that enables them to make their books attractive to scholars. A. W. Dimock belongs in another class. His pages are attractive from a literary standpoint. His sentences are as charming as his story. You sometimes hear the phrase "beautiful English," but beautiful English is very rare. The Outing Publishing Company sent me "The Book of the Tarpon," by A. W. Dimock and illustrated by J. W. Dimock. His English is as charming as his narrative, while the illustrations are as fine as the text. I have not got hold of a book for a long while past that has given me as much under-the-tree pleasure as this one. The tremendous size of the tarpon and his peculiar skill in fighting a fisherman makes it look very much like a square thing; at any rate I think I would be willing to go tarpon fishing with Mr. Dimock, and I have not the slightest objection to eating a slice from the next fish that he catches. It is a part of Florida life, this tarpon fishing; but Florida life means a very great many diverse things. Here in the middle of the state in our small lakes, we are quite contented to catch bass that do not weigh as much as one of the fins of a tarpon. We eat them where we can smell the orange blossoms and hear the mocking-birds, while the whistle of the railroad tells us that civilization is gradually eliminating a certain class of pleasures, but substituting others. The age of the orange grower is one milestone ahead of that of the fisherman.

E. P. Powell.

Teacher, to a roomful of pupils: "And just think! one of you may be president some day. All of you who would like to be president, please rise."

All rose except little Willie.

"Well, Willie, what's the matter? Wouldn't you like to be president?"

"Y-yes'm," stammered Willie, "b-but I ca-ca-can't."

"Why not?" asked teacher, astonished.

"Because—because I'm a D-d-democrat," said Willie, bursting into tears.—*Exchange.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

WHAT PUBLIC SCHOOL MEN CAN DO

Nearly two years ago there appeared in the Hibbert Journal an " Open Letter to English Gentlemen," addressed chiefly to the young men of the public schools and universities, and making to them an appeal on behalf of the Agenda Club, based on the highest idealism, to serve their country as some return for benefits received. It would be impossible for one whose life is mainly spent in dealing day by day with the social problems of a northern industrial city to add anything of value to the force of that appeal on the plane of idealism; but as it evoked the most extraordinary response from men and women in all parts of the country, and of all stations in society, it would not perhaps be out of place to ask, and to try to answer, what such idealism can do in the practical world; how it can be fostered and directed.

The problems of the practical world are innumerable. The restlessness of the working classes has its parallel in the restlessness of the well-to-do, awakened by the injustices of everyday life, and by the failure of any economic theory to fit in with the facts. We can no longer hold the self-complacent creed that poverty is invariably attributable to faults of character, or that everybody can by his own initiative achieve a full and happy life. These misgivings of the well-to-do are one of the most hopeful signs of a new social conscience, of a new conception of justice and liberty.

The appeal of the Open Letter having been made to the members of a particular class, it would be well to consider some of their individual characteristics. They are the sons and daughters of those who in past generations have prospered materially and intellectually; they start with inherited capacities for government and business managment, good health, good home conditions; physically they enjoy from the moment of birth the best that the world can give; they know neither cold nor hunger; they have abundant fresh air, leisure, and enjoyments, and in ill-health the best medical advice and treatment. At the age when working-class lads are leaving the elementary schools, and embarking on life as independent economic units, the middle and upper-cdass boy enters for the first time a highly artificial society, largely governed by customs often centuries old; he learns, frequently by the brutal persuasion of a knotted towel or the bristles of a hair-brush, to conform to a public standard of conduct, which, stripped of unessential details, requires him to sink his own individuality for the honour, first of his house, and then of his school. Keenness in games is demanded of him, and strict discipline of body and mind, solely as a means to a corporate end. When he leaves school, he encounters the same driving force which calls for his best efforts in college rivalries, and the inter-university struggles on the river or the playing field. The results of this system are the self-effacement and *esprit de corps* of the best type of English gentlemen—men doing their work without any idea of reward, modestly disclaiming merit, and prepared to make any sacrifice for the good of their cause, whether political, social, or religious.

But the system carries with it disadvantages which are often seized upon by hostile critics. The distate for any public expression of personal emotion may degenerate into, or be confused with, apathy; the class separation necessary for the cultivation of public spirit may and often does persist in after life, in an exclusiveness which refuses to associate with those who do not conform to certain arbitrary standards of dress or conduct. To speak quite plainly, there is some danger that the spirit may be deadened by formalism, and that Pharisaism still exists in the twentieth century. The reasons for this may to some extent be found in the artificial nature of the environment. It has been truly said that education requires a highly sterilized atmosphere. Those who are responsible for the management of schools and universities rightly take every precaution to exclude the lower aspects of human life from their charges. Vice, disease, poverty, and crime are not problems for the young. Protected by an assured economic position from actual want, they are even more carefully sheltered from the knowledge of external evils. On the whole, the results are surely justifiable, but it would be absurd to claim that the product of such a training is a fully developed individual, or one capable, without further guidance, of taking his place in a self- governing community.

The system which has educated him is, from the point of view of the economist and the sociologist, closely allied with the industrial system, with all its horrors of slums, sweating, drink, overcrowding, injustice and oppression. Occasionally in some newspaper paragraph the veil is lifted, and the report of an inquest or a police court scene discloses the darker side. Outside the charmed educational area reigns industrial chaos, the struggle of man with man for the necessaries of life; failure in this struggle, whether caused by individual defects of character or by evil environment, involves the heaviest penalty.

If the boy who has learnt to "play the game" at school wishes to play the game as a man in after life, he must continue his education, and resolve that, whatever the consequences to his professional or business career, he will at any rate know and fight against the evils of our civilization. If he takes this first step, he will soon find that the same ideals which applied to his games and his social intercourse may be applied to the wider field of real life.

One frequently hears from men of a certain type that the local council or board of guardians is not "fit for a gentleman," and recognizes in the snobbish complaint a confession of indolence and lack of public spirit. If indeed, and there is considerable doubt on this point, the tone of our local government, which closely affects the lives of everyone in the country, is low and corrupt, surely those who feel themselves better fitted to carry it on are in honor bound to take their share in improving it. An Act of Parliament, even if compulsory, will require to be administered, and, if permissive, to be adopted by the local council; in every large city and urban district, as well as in the county areas, are urgently needed men who will come into local government, and give the best that they have. Why, in any case, should not the man who has had a good home training, and who knows the value of fresh air and cold baths, use his knowledge on the Public Health or Housing Committee, and agitate for public baths, thrash out the details of a local anti-tuberculosis campaign, or press for the adoption of a town-planning scheme? Why should not the 'Varsity Blue, when too old and stiff to play himself, give the Parks Committee the benefit of his special qualifications, and help to organize football and cricket in the parks? Why should not an honours man assist the local education authority in drawing up the syllabus for evening classes on his own subject, or act as school manager; or, if too busy to take up regular work, persuade the Libraries Committee to buy the best books on serious subjects instead of useless fiction?

It may seem that the public school spirit alone is a poor equipment for public life, but supplemented by experience, the service it can render is obvious. The "interests" on a local council, whether of jerry-builders trying to stulify the local building by-laws, or of slum property owners wishing to avoid the condemnation of their cottages, or again of brewers seeking to protect their trade, or of professional men upholding their own avocations, or even of trade-unionists who may be tempted to push an unfair advantage for one section of municipal employees, all these require the leaven of a higher ideal than self-interest. In addition, the routine administration of each department needs constant oversight, lest any minor officials should overstep their powers, as sanitary inspectors, school nurses, school attendance officers, or police constables, to tyrannize over those who fall within their jurisdiction; or lest, on the other hand, those same officials should find themselves handicapped in the proper performance of their duties by unsympathetic or short-sighted superior officers or members of committee.

(*To be Continued.*)

Five-year-old Margaret was the guest at dinner at a neighbor's one day, and before beginning to eat, the family one by one said grace.

Margaret looked on in wonder and finally asked:

"What are you doing?"

"We are thanking the Lord for giving us this bread to eat," said Mrs Wilder. "Don't you give thanks?"

"Why, no," answered Margaret; "we buy our bread at the store." *Exchange.*

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